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How the French make War

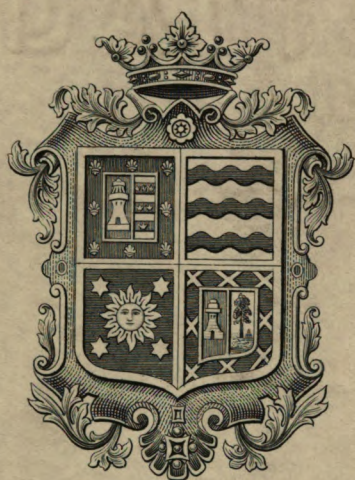
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HOW THE FRENCH MAKE WAR.

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A CONTRIBUTION
TO THE
HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION AND MORAL PROGRESS
IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

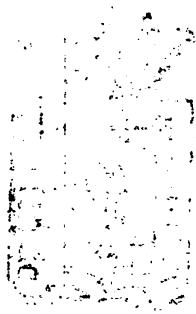
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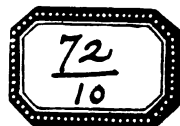
BERLIN, 1871.

CARL DUNCKER'S VERLAG.

C. HEYMONS.



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A CONTRIBUTION

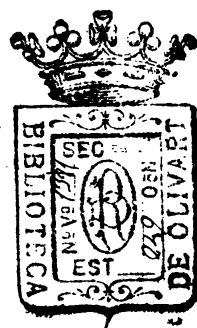
TO THE

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION AND MORAL PROGRESS

IN THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.



BERLIN, 1871.

CARL DUNCKER'S VERLAG.

C. HEYMONS.

Introduction.

THE war declared in July 1870 by France against Germany, and which is just terminated, has been distinguished, on the part of the French, by a supercilious contempt for their solemn engagements, systematic violation of the laws of nations, and a coarseness and brutality which have left their impress on every scene of the great tragedy.

From the Duc de Gramont's threat that *même les femmes ne seraient pas épargnées* to the latest bombastic expectorations of Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc, from the summoning of savage African tribes to a European battle-field up to the newest excesses perpetrated by citizens of the *grande nation*, an unbroken series of barbarous and wanton atrocities pervades, like a red line in a woven texture, every stadium of a war whose inception was so criminal.

Since the time when Moses wrote: "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground," never have these words of Scripture been more appropriately addressed than to those who, urged by an insane spirit of conquest, pursued the phantom of self-aggrandizement, regardless of the wide-spread misery and ineffable suffering their guilty infatuation involved.

What would be the condition of Germany to-day had it been made the theatre of such horrors as the French have so often inflicted on their own country, on that France whose soil they considered desecrated by the presence of "German hordes?" What fate had our enemies reserved for our Fatherland? Was the devastation of Louis XIV. in the Palatinate to be revived and re-enacted with superadded horrors? If the designs darkly hinted at by our western neighbours have never been realized, if their plans of revenge and subjugation have remained nothing but plans, if Gramont's intentions could not be put into execution, we owe it solely and entirely to our brave soldiers and their able leaders. They have saved us from invaders who, faithful to their traditional tactics, after falling upon us traitorously in a time of profound peace, soon exhibited their old disregard for plighted faith, and recurred to their old savagery so far as they found an opportunity of practising it. The Frenchman Delille, in 1782, quoted in his didactic poem, *Les Jardins*, the German adage: "The history of the world is the world's tribunal;" and history will judge and has judged.

Now, history acquaints us how the myrmidons of Louis XIV., two hundred years ago, burned, plundered, and laid waste the Palatinate. A book lying on the table before us, intitled: "History of the Campaigns of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick," relates that at the battle of Crefeld on 23d June 1758 "the number of the dead would have been much smaller had the French not fired, in violation of the usages of war, with wisps of straw filled with crooked nails." Such was French warfare in the 17th and 18th cen-

tury, and it is not dissimilar in the 19th. In this respect, as in many others, the "most civilized nation in the world" have made scanty progress. The French are peculiar logicians when their own interests are concerned or their own conduct called in question. Any Frenchman will demonstrate to you, with an enviable self-conviction, that though it is perfectly lawful for the French to attack another people, at any moment, with chassepots and mitrailleuses, retaliation on aggressive France is a flagrant and unheard-of crime. This subject is cleverly handled in the following article published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of 31st Jan. 1871, and intitled: "The logic of the cannon-ball."

"This proposition has been expressed, more or less implicitly, in a great variety of forms, and as the perspicacity and logical acumen of the French intellect are as generally matters of faith as the lucidity of the French language, other nations, more especially the English and Italians, have accepted the statement on trust, and are ready to maintain its accuracy, tooth and nail, so long as the Chassepot balls are exclusively directed against our Cimmerian persons. Strange that a people schooled by Kant and Hegel should be unable to grasp such a self-evident truth!

"That a line may be traced, and followed at pleasure by a French army, from Paris to Berlin—and the more direct the better—has always been an article of belief among the disciples of Laplace, but that one may be drawn from Berlin to Paris and utilized, in time of need, by German troops, is held to be a violation of both logical and geometrical

principles, an act of barbarity, a *mécanique scéleste*, if it be permitted to enrich the French vocabulary with this expression. Nor are these views confined to the illiterate multitude, the herd of bipeds led by unreasoning instinct; no, they are equally cherished by the moral and intellectual heads of the nation. So far as we recollect, the sermon on the mount is not looked on by the French author of the *Vie de Jésus* as apocryphal, yet in his reply to his German colleague (Strauss) he says that to declare Elsass and Lothringen to be German would be a grievous wrong, while he maintains that Germany should have abandoned little Luxemburg to France. This is simply stating in different terms that for the French to fire on the Germans is the most natural thing in the world, but for the Germans to fire on the French is an infamy. Indeed, we may regard this postulate as the sum and substance of most of what M. Guizot, M. Thiers, the learned historiographer, and many other Frenchmen, have said or written, each in his own way.

“And when, *post varios casus*, destiny has permitted us to invest Paris with a strong line of circumvallation, the old apothegm is hurled in our faces, while our encampments are liberally supplied with French cannon-balls. Victor Hugo, like the aged King Priam (though the latter, to be sure, was not a republican) stands on the battlements and cries:—‘I am no longer Victor Hugo, France has armed me, now I am France, I am Paris, I am a wall!’ The last exclamation seems to be plagiarized from Shakspeare:—

“‘The loam, this roughcast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so.’

"And in Paris there are tens of thousands who talk in much the same way, though with rather less rant and fustian. 'The German army shall be annihilated under the walls of Paris,' and 'Beneath these ramparts we will fall' are vows repeated to satiety, though of course very suitable to the circumstances and the times. The objections made by the French to the strategy adopted by the Germans appear to us less apposite. The Count de Chambord, we think, was mistaken in assuming, according to the *Union* of 11th Jan., that he is bound to raise his voice and address the world in behalf of 'the city of Clovis, Clotilda and Geneviève, the city of Charlemagne, Louis le Saint, Philip Augustus, and Henry IV., the city of science, of art and civilization'; or when 'he takes nations and sovereigns to witness and protests against the most bloody and lamentable war recorded in history, against the ruins of his country, which cry to Heaven and earth, sure of the sympathy of men and expecting every thing from the justice of God.' But it is not from the Count de Chambord*) alone that 'the bombardment of Paris elicits a cry which he cannot retain'.—We may remark, *en passant*, that 'the good city of Paris of my ancestors' is still far from reaching that fearful depth of misery to which it was reduced when besieged by the Count's good ancestor Henry IV. — There are, as we have said, others who protest against the siege of Paris on no better grounds than the Count, but who are

*) It is worthy of remark that it was a relation of this French prince who extolled the citizens of Weissenburg for firing treacherously on German soldiers.

and strikes more surely than their own, they are not ashamed to whine piteously at every Court of Europe and complain of German barbarity. 'Five children crushed beneath a 180-pound shell' sounds no doubt very sad and touching; but why did a French shot, the day before, carry off a poor Prussian landwehrman from his sick wife and his five hungry children, while it spared the young unmarried officer beside him with his yearly income of 10,000 thalers? Why were not five national guards struck down in place of those five children? Why did not M. Favre himself occupy that spot, or Victor Hugo, 'the Wall?' We can assure these gentlemen that a shell is no respecter of persons, and they would themselves have been crushed by it with rigid impartiality. 'We shoot as far as the ball goes,' said a Bavarian Jäger; and if a cannon-ball could speak it would say: 'We fly as far as we can, and we pulverize whatever we hit.' To this arbitrament, the *ultima ratio* of kings and peoples, not we, but the French have appealed; and since judgment has gone against them they must bow to the verdict; in these cases there is no court of cassation.

"Our artillery has not been directed against women and children, but on the garrison of the fortress Paris, and, so far as they could be distinguished or guessed at, on the mills where the latter grind their corn, on the magazines which supply horse and man with new strength for the combat, on the foundries where cannon are cast, and on the roofs that shelter armed men. We have no patience with the hypocritical whimpering that Paris is a city and not a fortress. We have not forgotten that this city

has a thousand times vowed that every house within its walls should be turned into a fort, that every lane would be defended against our troops, and that our bodies should be buried beneath the walls. It is not so long since a special Minister was appointed to organize a system of barricades, and to dispute every inch of ground with our soldiers.

“But this was the curse which from the very beginning of the present war rested on its originators—we mean, the wild infatuation which led them to believe themselves capable of accomplishing anything they undertook, which made it a crime to doubt of the triumph of France, and urged the ill-prepared nation into an adventurous war-policy, the inevitable consequences of which they now basely and falsely seek to lay at the door of the injured party. The ranting of Victor Hugo has contributed less to lower France in the eyes of the world than the theatrical discourses of M. Favre, the *larmes de commande* he shed over the victims of an accidental shot, and the querulous dispatches addressed to European Courts against these audacious German barbarians, who, not content with being fired at by the French, actually have the shamelessness to fire on the latter in their turn.”

The accuracy with which the writer of the article just quoted portrays French egotism and vanity is only equalled by the clearness and energy with which Count Bismarck, in his dispatch, dated Versailles 9th Jan., disposes of the vague accusations brought by Count Chaudordy against the German armies. We shall have occasion to return to this dispatch in another part of our little work. Abundant

materials might be easily found to fill several good-sized volumes with details of French cruelties and outrages. In these pages we propose to adduce a few samples to illustrate, first, how German prisoners-of-war are treated in France, secondly, how our enemies observe the plainest principles of international law, and thirdly, how French officers respect their solemnly pledged word of honour. We shall farther have to report some of the atrocities practised by French soldiers, and advert to the language of the French press as well as to that of several important personages and public characters in France.

Treatment of German prisoners-of-war in France.

We must begin our recapitulation of the excesses and barbarities of the French at a date when war had not yet been declared, though the passions of the French people were already in a state of violent effervescence. In the first case we shall adduce we have consequently not to speak of prisoners-of-war but of peaceful German travellers who, in the course of a sea-voyage, touched at Havre on 15th July, 1870.

The *Cologne Gazette* of 27th Nov. last relates the incident as follows:—

“A Silesian who had fought through the Austrian campaign of 1866 as a volunteer in the 7th Royal Grenadier-Regiment, sailed on 13th July, with one of his relations, on board the *Cimbria*, for America. On the 15th of same month this vessel arrived off Havre, at which port she was to call, and where she had

to land some passengers. While the *Cimbria* was waiting on the tide, our two young travellers landed in a boat, with the intention of visiting an uncle of theirs who had been a resident in Havre for thirty years. Their way led them past the telegraph-station, before which they observed an immense crowd, and hearing abuse and invective levelled against Prussia and Bismarck, the travellers pressed forward to learn the cause of all this excitement. To their great surprise they read, in a placard on the wall, the French declaration of war with Prussia. This, ~~be it~~ remembered, was only the 15th July. After a brief consultation our travellers resolved to return forthwith to Germany, and went straight to the North-German Federal Consul to obtain farther information and advice. This gentleman confirmed the unexpected news, and recommended them to return to Hamburgh by sea. The two young men learned, at the same time, that as on the day before, when about a hundred Germans were starting from Havre, the populace attempted violence and loaded them with insults, there was too much reason to believe that the same scene would be repeated at the embarkation of those who had still to leave. The travellers hereupon looked out for a ship bound to Hamburgh, and luckily found what they sought in the *Urania*, which was to sail the same night with a cargo of hides. In the evening the rabble again paraded the streets hunting for Germans. The captain himself came for our young people about midnight, and conducted them to the ship by a very dangerous route for the inexperienced, as they had to climb up the sides of five other vessels before

reaching the *Urania*. In this way 25 German passengers, in all, were brought on board. At length both the *Cimbria* and *Urania* weighed anchor, but not before a mob had assembled which assailed them with a shower of stones and dirt. The *Cimbria* had to leave in such haste that our two travellers had no time to get their luggage removed to the *Urania*, so that it went with the first-named vessel to New-York. After a slow, and in the absence of buoys and lights, perilous voyage of 4 days and nights, with a scarcity of food, as the *Urania* was only provisioned for her own crew of 12 men, the 25 Germans at length arrived safely in Hamburg, where they were received with enthusiasm. Our Silesian countryman hastened to Cologne, with the intention of joining his regiment."

This disgraceful treatment of unoffending travellers was only a weak prelude to what was to follow. In the North as in the South, in Paris, Montmedy, Pau, and in general wherever there were German prisoners-of-war, the French population everywhere revealed the same symptoms of profound moral degradation, while the French interned in Germany had not to complain of a single word of mockery or contempt.

Count Bismarck's dispatch of 9th Jan. 1871 recounts several of the gross violations of international law committed by the French in the course of the war. We quote a few passages:—

"How the French prisoners-of-war, of whom we have such a multitude, both wounded and unwounded, have been treated in Germany, has been voluntarily attested and published by honourable neutrals who

have assisted in tending the sick in our hospitals. On the other hand, the German prisoners-of-war in France, though they are hardly one for ten in number, have been treated in many places with inhuman severity and neglect. A convoy composed of about 300 sick Bavarians, taken from the military hospitals of Orleans, some wounded and the rest suffering from typhus or dysentery, were crowded together, each with a bundle of straw for a bed, in the cells and passages of the common gaol in Pau, where for six days they obtained no other nourishment than bread and water, till some German and English ladies assisted them out of their own means, and induced the unwilling authorities to show their suffering prisoners a little more humanity. In other places, particularly at the quarters of General Faidherbe's army, the German prisoners-of-war were shut up in lofts without fire, unprovided with blankets, and deprived of warm or even sufficient food, when the thermometer stood at -16° Réaumur; while in Germany all the buildings for the reception of prisoners-of-war were heated with stoves from the beginning of the winter. The crews of German merchantmen are not only detained as prisoners-of-war, but they were at first treated as felons, chained together in pairs, and shifted about from place to place. They had to be satisfied with a diet which, neither in quantity nor quality, was fit for sustaining human life. A civilian, wrongfully made a prisoner, on complaining that he had not received some money which had been sent him, got the official reply in writing that no consideration was to be shown to prisoners. In Paris alone precautions were taken to protect captured

Germans, when conducted through the streets, against revolting ill-treatment on the part of the populace. In Germany, on the other hand, not a single instance can be adduced in which the populations of our towns have violated by a single insulting word that respect which is paid to misfortune by all educated nations. Even the Turcos, in spite of all their barbarities, have met with neither offensive language nor ill-treatment in Germany."

We shall next give our readers a sample of the treatment accorded to German *soldiers*, who had fallen into the hands of the French. In the *Dresdener Journal* of 17th Oct. 1870 we find the following passage in the narrative of a Saxon under-officer:—

"We were for seventeen days prisoners in Verdun, where we were lodged in an ordinary bridewell. Our nourishment consisted of hard-boiled beef, swimming in a little very watery broth, without bread or vegetables. In the second week after our arrival we began to be taken out for a short daily walk. On these occasions civilians often expressed their rancour and malevolence by spitting out before us, but no one gave us a kindly or civil word. *Some Turcos, one day, threw stones at us.* Most of us had to lie on naked boards, without straw or coverlets, till many fell sick in consequence. Several prisoners-of-war had their money taken out of their pockets by armed *francs-tireurs*; and one had the cross he had gained in 1866 rudely torn from his breast. A French soldier who spoke German maintained that the French had an undoubted right to plunder their prisoners."

In the *Badische Landes-Zeitung* of 11th Nov. 1870,

we read in a letter, dated Versailles 3d Nov., as follows:—

“An American saw with his own eyes how some 30 Bavarian soldiers, who had been taken in the fight at Chatillon, were pelted with mud and stones and pulled by the beard and hair by the Parisian rabble. The escort of national guards was too weak to prevent these insults, which indeed were very mildly forbidden by the officers.”

The *Posener Zeitung* of 25th Nov. 1870 quotes from the *Dziennik Poznanski*, which is anything but an anti-French paper, a letter dated, Tours 15th Nov., in which we find, among many other characteristic passages:—

“The Bavarian prisoners who pass through this place continue to be very badly received by the people, who are greatly imbibited against them, and regard them as barbarians. They even, at times, give the prisoners very foul language.”

A law-student, who was an under-officer in the 107th regiment, wrote from a village near St. Denis to his parents in Leipsic, a letter, originally published in the *Leipziger Nachrichten*, and subsequently in the Berlin *Fremden-Blatt* of 9th Feb. 1871, an extract from which we reproduce.

“Since yesterday morning I am again free and well, but very weak and exhausted. That is to be expected after eight weeks of hunger and cold. On 2d December I was made prisoner at Brie, after having narrowly escaped the same fate on 30th Nov. at Champigny. We passed the night at Fort Vincennes, and were conducted to Paris before daylight on the morning of the 3d. Notwithstanding the early hour,

we were greatly molested by the Parisian populace. *The least serious annoyance was pelting with stones; they menaced us besides with knives and sticks.* All this time we were deafened with cries of *Vive la République! à bas les Prussiens! à bas Bismarck! &c.* We were all heartily glad when we reached La Roquette. When the bombardment began, we were removed to the *maison de correction de la santé*—a mean and dastardly act—because that building had been already struck by a shell and was much exposed to the German fire. We got at first a loaf every two days, then only every three days, together with a tiny bit of horseflesh or a little rice, which, however, soon ceased. We slept in small cells, where it was bitter cold, and in which, after the weather had grown milder, the water ran in streams down the walls. We were allowed to purchase, with our own money, bad sugar and cigars, as well as bread, but the latter became at last so unpalatable that it could not be eaten.”

We have similar and still more detailed reports regarding the treatment of German prisoners-of-war in other places. The following, which is taken from the letter of a German soldier, for some time a prisoner in Montmédy, is reprinted from the *Bonner Zeitung* by the *Bank- und Handels-Zeitung* of 7th Jan. 1871:—

“The building in which our party, 7 officers and 237 men, were lodged, was a *house of correction*, and the regulations of the establishment were also applied to us. Our cells were locked at dusk and unlocked at daybreak, so that in the first half of December we were shut up at least 14 hours daily. In the first

week the officers were not excepted from this rigorous discipline, but the locking-up in their case afterwards ceased. It was permitted neither to them nor to us, during the nine weeks, to go beyond the precincts of the house of correction to get a little fresh air. It occasionally happened that one or two of us were sent to fetch bread or meat from the lower town, and how eager was not every one to go on this errand in order to get a glimpse again of the open country and the beautiful valley of the Meuse! On returning from such short excursions we were re-conducted into our crowded rooms, in each of which forty pair of lungs were continually exhausting the scanty supply of oxygen. At night we had no other covering than our cloaks—and of them many of us had been robbed—yet in spite of the cold we had to keep a window open by reason of the pestilential atmosphere. Imprisoned with us were several French soldiers and civilians, the former on account of breach of discipline, the latter as suspected partisans of Prussia, but all these were provided with palliasses and coverlets. They also got better food than we did. Ours consisted of a bowl of soup at 10 o'clock in the morning—insipid, lukewarm dishwater, often rendered still more disagreeable by the addition of un-boiled rain-water, which gave us diarrhœa. At noon we got half a bowl of sweetened coffee, the peculiar taste of which was highly indicative of the quality of the sugar. A bowl of soup with a little rice and barely one ounce of meat ($1\frac{1}{2}$ —2 loth), served out to us at 4 o'clock, only half stilled our hunger with the help of our bread, of which our daily allowance was 6—7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces (12—15 loth) per man. This bread was

tolerably good, and had we only got enough of it, we should have been satisfied with the tiny ration of meat and the watery soup. We had, indeed, access to sea-biscuit of the coarsest quality, but it tasted so detestably that we could eat very little of it. The Frenchmen got, or managed to steal, a better quality of biscuits, and the *Chef de la maison de correction*, M. Franc, though so brutal to us, seemed to wink at it. Our water came from the cistern which received the drainage of the roofs, and, as may be supposed, we had often none at all, either for drinking or washing."

We find another illustration of the treatment of German soldiers in French prisons in the *North-German Gazette* of 22d Jan. 1871, which, reporting the last-mentioned case, and referring more especially to the prisoners made in Stenay and detained two months in Montmédy, gives us the following particulars:—

"Officers and soldiers were conducted, by the order of Commandant Ribaut, to the house of correction, which remained closed day and night. During the day the officers remained in the inspector's room, but they were forbidden, under penalty of being subjected to the severest form of imprisonment, to approach the window. At night they were shut up in pairs in felons' cells. Above the door of one of these was the inscription: 'For young criminals,' and over that of a second: 'For thieves and bankrupts.' *The prisoners-of-war were also inscribed in the register of criminals and numbered like the other inmates of the establishment.* For fully three weeks they saw neither the Commandant nor any other officer, and in the mean time they had to endure

the arbitrary caprice of the prison-inspector, a former officer of Zouaves, who treated them with rudeness, and did not even spare menaces. Officers and men received the same scanty rations. *The soup was first served out to the French criminals in the house, then the remainder was diluted with a couple of buckets of cold water, and supplied to the prisoners-of-war.* The rooms in which our people were lodged were overcrowded, and cold notwithstanding; there was very little straw, and but few had coverlets. Most of us, when captured, had been deprived of our cloaks as well as our linen and stockings. Money, watches, and trinkets were taken, especially from the sergeants and corporals, under the pretext of keeping the articles safe, and no reclamation addressed to the Commandant ever received the least attention. We were told the garrison of the place had got no pay since August, and tried to indemnify themselves in this way. The German soldiers were allowed to go during the day into a yard about 3 paces broad and 6—7 long, in which, consequently, there was no possibility of moving about. *For 9 weeks the officers did not once breathe the fresh air,* so that when brought out of their rooms, after the capitulation of the fortress, they all felt ill and nearly fainted. When Montmédy was completely invested and the beginning of the bombardment daily expected, the Commandant was asked what he proposed to do with the prisoners-of-war. He replied that his own soldiers were exposed to the fire, and that he would place the prisoners, too, on the walls and in the streets. He afterwards, however, assigned the Germans cellars, to which both officers and men were conducted on the 12th. On

the 13th, when the fire from the walls of the town was silenced, the prisoners were with great difficulty protected from assassination, *as intoxicated Zouaves tried to storm the gate of the house of correction, in order, as they screamed, to massacre the German dogs.*"

The Berlin *Fremden-Blatt* of 18th Jan. 1871 reports the cruel treatment experienced by an engineer of the field-railway detachment of the 14th Army-Corps, who was liberated by an exchange of prisoners from his incarceration in Le Puy. He writes:—

"My colleague and myself had been sent from Epinal to Remiremont, with 3 men and 2 horses, to make a *reconnaissance*. While we passed the night in the latter place we were attacked by a mixed band of soldiers of the line and *francs-tireurs*. Fourteen men and an officer burst open the door of our sleeping-room, and when we sprang naked out of bed, put their bayonets to our breasts, and threatened to transfix us to the wall if we attempted resistance. Swords, revolvers, watches, money, even our eye-glasses, note-books and pencils, were taken from us. While dressing myself my waistcoat and sword-belt were torn from my hands, and I was roughly told that I had no occasion for them. The 3 soldiers had fortunately been able to escape with their horses. We were then conducted down stairs, half clothed, and found 20—25 men waiting there, who gave us anything but a friendly reception. We were escorted by them, in a continual pouring rain, through the Vosges to St. Maurice. Here we were thrown into a dank, ill-smelling dungeon, in which, tired and soaked through as we were, we had to lay ourselves on the hard stone pavement. We were

overjoyed when, somewhat later, we got a little straw in consideration of some money we had managed to retain. During the three days our journey lasted *we were chained like robbers or convicted felons*. When we complained of hunger we were told that the utmost we could expect was bread and water. We afterwards, however, occasionally got something warm, which was paid out of the money our captors had taken from us. On the other hand, we were loaded by the scum of the *francs-tireurs* with the most opprobrious epithets. On arriving at Belfort, we were finally relieved of our chains. When we reached Besançon from the last-named place by railway, we were greeted by the crowd with cries of: *Down with the dogs! hang the rogues up to the lanterne!* Our lives were in still greater danger in Lyons, whence we were hastily removed, after remaining one day, for fear of the fury of the populace. In Clermont we joined some other prisoners-of-war, who complained bitterly of the harsh treatment they had received. When, four weeks later, we reached Le Puy, we were followed by children and adults, who reviled us and pursued us with stones, sand, and hard snow-balls. *At the corners of the streets were placarded newspaper articles and proclamations inciting the rabble to maltreat the German prisoners*. In one of these articles were the words:—‘The Prussians are no soldiers who kill other soldiers; they are soldiers who murder and violate women.’

“As to the treatment we experienced in Le Puy the following specimens will suffice:—

“Lieutenant von B., a Holsteiner, was standing before a placard posted up at the corner of the

Mairie, when 3 *gardes mobiles* sprang on him. One of them drew a long knife out of his breast to stab the prisoner for having the hardihood to read a public announcement. The Lieutenant narrowly escaped the blow by gliding into an adjoining hotel. A captain, likewise a prisoner-of-war, who was quietly going through the street in the evening, suddenly got from a soldier he accidentally met such a blow in the face that he was removed in an unconscious condition to an hotel in the neighbourhood.

"I have learned from Lieutenant W. that he was made a prisoner on Belgian territory, beaten by French soldiers on the journey with the but-ends of muskets, and lodged at night in gaols and outhouses. Lieutenant D., on his way to Le Puy, was placed in the same room with some smallpox patients. Many of the prisoners transported to Le Puy had been taken out of their beds in the hospitals, though so dangerously sick, or so severely wounded, that the surgeons highly disapproved of their removal."

The *Berlin Gerichts-Zeitung* of 1st Oct. 1870 furnishes several sad proofs that even German civil officers and medical men who had fallen into the hands of the French were treated in the most disgraceful manner. That journal states:—

"The declarations of Police-Lieutenant Hoppe, now a prisoner at Daix, near Bayonne, and of his temporary companion in misfortune, Dr. Lasch, who has returned to Berlin, fully confirm previous accounts of the brutal conduct of the French population towards German prisoners of-war. Herr Hoppe, who had been intrusted with the direction of the police in Nancy, had been summoned to the Royal

headquarters to receive his instructions. When he reached Vaucouleurs, the King had already advanced beyond that place, in which there remained only a small lazaret, attended by two surgeons, for whose protection a guard of 2 officers and 30 Bavarians had been left. Soon after Hoppe's arrival, the lazaret was surprised by a roving band of about 1000 *gardes mobiles*, guided no doubt by some inhabitant of the town, who overpowered and made prisoners of the guard; capturing at the same time the two surgeons, Hoppe, and a Berlin provision-dealer called Richter, with a girl in his service, and his cart. The surgeons were detained for two days and then released. The cart and the carpet-bags were confiscated, but the prisoners were allowed to retain their watches and their money. After undergoing an examination of several hours they were shut up in the *mairie* till instructions had come from Paris as to what was to be done with them. Hoppe, it was insisted, despite his protestations, was a general; Richter was supposed to be a colonel in disguise. The expected answer at length arrived; the march began, and with it the ill-usage of the captured Germans. *The women of Vaucouleurs, in particular, distinguished themselves by their fanatical hatred. They threw bottles, glasses, and stones at defenceless men; one woman tore the silver cuffs off Hoppe's coat; Richter got a bayonet-thrust in the arm from a soldier belonging to the escort.* The French soldiers rivalled the civilians in brutality. They openly avowed that if they had their way they would kill their Prussian prisoners before they would let them out of their hands. If the 40 unarmed men, escorted by 500 *gardes mobiles*, were not massacred

on the long march to Daix, they owe their lives to the humanity of the commanding officer. Several of the letters written since that time by Hoppe to his friends never reached their destination. They are probably still lying in Paris, as they were to be first of all sent to the Ministry. One letter that arrived by way of Amsterdam was 10 days on the road. The population of Daix, it is stated, are very hostile to the prisoners, so that the latter cannot go out during the day."

The letter of a Prussian gendarme, dated Nancy, 21st Oct., which first appeared in the *Schlesische Zeitung*, and was republished in the *Staatsbürger-Zeitung* of 30th Oct. 1870, contains the following interesting passages:—

"Dear Brother,—You know I was ordered to go to Vezelise, a small country-town 4 miles from this, with 5 other gendarmes. Here we had the ill-luck to be surprised in the night of 1st to 2d Oct. by *francs-tireurs*. In spite of their great superiority of numbers, they were unable to make us prisoners till two of my colleagues had been wounded in a pretty warm combat. A comrade and myself shared the same chamber, from which we fired five shots. in our shirts, but the enemy broke in such a mass into the room that we were disarmed and made prisoners. Four of us who had escaped injury, and one who was slightly hurt, were taken to Charmes; the sixth, being severely wounded, had to be left behind. In the latter place we were joined by another comrade, who had been taken prisoner in Flavigny, where, as you will have seen in the newspapers, a gendarme has been murdered: he was interred on the 6th inst.

at Nancy. We were then conducted from Charmes to Epinal in the Vosges. *In both these places we were grossly insulted by the inhabitants, pelted with stones and dirt, and spit upon*, so that we almost envied the lot of our murdered comrade in Flavigny; nay, the populace were so fanatically hostile that we every moment expected to be shot down. Our escort of 40 to 50 men were barely able to keep the raging rabble off us. This is no exaggeration; my pen cannot do justice to the sober truth. After undergoing an interrogation in the Préfecture, we were lodged in the common prison, where we passed a wretched night on sacks of straw. The next day, guarded by French gendarmes, we went by railway to Dijon, where we were greeted with a repetition of the abuse and ill-treatment we had already suffered. To our great regret we had to pass four nights in that place. On 8th Oct. we again started by railway, and successively reached Clermont-Ferrand, Bordeaux and Rochefort; from the last-named place we were forwarded to our destination, l'Isle d'Oléron, where, however, we were to remain only two hours, an order to send us back having arrived from Paris; and in three hours more we found ourselves again in La Rochelle. The following day we started on the return journey by train, and, travelling night and day, on the 15th we reached Charmes, which we found once more in the hands of our troops. The joy we felt, after our forced excursion, on seeing the first spiked helmets, was indescribable! As to our food, while in captivity, it was miserable. For three days in Dijon it consisted principally of a wretched *soupe maigre*, distributed to us once a day. In Rochefort and La Rochelle

the soup appeared to be made with sea-water; at least we were unable to swallow it."

It might be assumed, after these revelations, that it would be impossible to produce any example of more reprehensible conduct, on the part of the French, towards their captives than those we have brought forward. We regret to say that such an assumption would be hasty and erroneous. Our observations have been hitherto limited to the cases of captive *soldiers*, or other persons forming an integral part of the German army, but now we shall have to speak of non-belligerent German seamen, who had been taken by the French on board of peaceful merchantmen. It is in the teeth of facts like these that Count Chaudordy has the hardihood to advance vague accusations against the German system of warfare!

In confirmation of what we have just alleged, we shall quote two letters, the first from a sailor belonging to a vessel captured in the Mediterranean, the other from the second mate of a North-German ship. The former, dated 11th Nov. and published in the *National-Zeitung* of 24th December 1870, is as follows:—

"As soon as we arrived on French soil we were provided with accommodation in a common gaol, and were permitted to go out a little in the morning and afternoon. In the dark and pestilential vault in which we were incarcerated disease was inevitable, and our old captain soon became so ill that he had to be taken to the hospital. Two days later an order came that we were to be removed elsewhere, and after being chained together two and two, we were led through the town to the station, followed by hundreds of

people. When we reached the railway we saw a number of soldiers who, on seeing us, began to scream: 'There are Prussians!' and we should have certainly been murdered by them had not 8 policemen interfered and protected us with loaded muskets. As it was, one of us got a severe blow, and it was an anxious moment for us all. In the railway carriages we somewhat recovered our composure, but during the whole journey we remained chained together, and were guarded by 4 policemen. We started at 8 o'clock in the evening and arrived at 6 o'clock next morning in L. through which place we were again conducted in chains, and where our prison was quite as bad as our former one, only that we had light after dark. Our principal diet consisted of bread and water: in the morning we got a detestable soup. Here we passed eight days; on the ninth we were transported farther—in chains, as before. The journey lasted 18 hours; then we stopped for 5 days in M., after which, passing through T. we came to N., where we were sent to a barrack, and imprisoned with 190 sailors and 160 soldiers. There we spent four weeks, after which we were sent to our present place of abode. We are badly off here, and have neither money nor sufficient clothing. Our clothes were detained at the port where we landed, and having nothing but what is on our back we are tormented with vermin. Every six days we are allowed 27 pf. (about $2\frac{1}{2}d$) in money, for which we buy cheese. As to our nourishment, we get every two days a three-pound loaf, and a soup twice a day containing a few potatoes and a little cabbage. It is always the same; there is never the least change."

The second of these letters, which originally appeared in the *Danziger Zeitung*, and afterwards in the *Berliner Börsenzeitung* of 28th January 1871, is as follows:—

“Belleisle-en-mer, Jan. 1871.

“On 9th Nov. we arrived on a transport in Cherbourg, where we were lodged in a prison till the 17th of the same month. Our treatment, as well as the food, was tolerable, but we had to sleep on a bed of boards, and only got out twice to breathe the fresh air. On 17th Nov. we were escorted to the railway by gendarmes; on our way we were pelted by the people with stones and potatoes, though we were nearly all sailors who had never done them any harm. We passed the first night in Lemont, four men in one cell, and each of us got a sack of straw to sleep on, populated with various species of insects. This was a foretaste of what awaited us. At 5 o'clock next morning we started again by rail, and as it was quite dark we had the luck to escape the attentions of the mob, and reached Angers at 10 o'clock. In this town I may say we ran the gauntlet through lanes of the rabble, who overwhelmed us with the coarsest invective, and constantly screamed: *A bas les Prussiens! qu'on les tue! à bas Bismarck!* so that we were thankful when we reached our next resting-place. This was a very large prison with many cells, and each of us got one of them to himself. We had no food the whole day, till at length, about 7 o'clock in the evening, a wicket in my cell-door was opened and a piece of I cannot tell what meat thrown in. The walls of the cells were so thick that we could not hear each others' voices, but we maintained a

kind of conversation by means of knocking. My table and chair were fixed to the floor, but the former I managed to detach with the loss of a leg, and by mounting on it I was able to peep out of the window. As I was ravenously hungry, I devoured my bit of meat as soon as I had examined it with the aid of a lucifer-match. We had got nothing but bread and water since our departure from Cherbourg. On the next day, at 10 in the morning, we resumed our journey, under an escort of soldiers, and on 30th Nov. about 1 or 2 o'clock a. m. we arrived in the little town of Auray (Arrondissement Lorient), and were quartered in a great monastery, where we found 6—700 soldiers and seamen, all prisoners-of-war. During the day we were allowed to move about freely in the court, and at night we slept on straw, but without coverlets. On 21st Nov., at noon, we sailors and about 20 soldiers (also prisoners), were sent off by a small steamer to Belleisle, where we found a good many other seamen. There are about 300 soldiers in the fortress below us, and 100 of us up here, besides some 600 soldiers of all arms. Our comrades in the fortress have the best lodgings; here we must sleep in board-beds, with a little straw and a single thin blanket. The cold is so intense that we waken up regularly about midnight to find our legs frozen from the feet to the knees, and then we must get up and run half an hour up and down the room till the blood begins to circulate again. The building or shed in which we have been placed is very lightly constructed. The roof is of very thin planks covered with thin slates, and the wind makes its way freely through the crevices in the walls. We have made

complaints, but to no purpose; and so we must suffer patiently. Our diet consists of watery soup twice a day, half a pound of fleshmeat daily, and half a loaf. We get, besides, 1 sou per day in money."

In the foregoing pages we have seen that even medical men have not been exempt from arrest and detention, in direct contravention to the Geneva Convention, the provisions of which, we regret to say, have been observed, during the whole Franco-German war of 1870—1871, on the German side alone. With this observation we shall now close our chapter on the maltreatment of German prisoners-of-war in France, and enter on another in which we shall find that the *grande nation* is capable of still greater barbarities than those we have mentioned.

Of the systematic disregard for Public Law, as well as of special Conventions, on the part of French troops.

The war had scarcely begun when it became evident that the Convention of Geneva, to which France had acceded, was not only disregarded but—supposing its stipulations to be known in the French army—intentionally infringed. Under these circumstances German statesmen and German military commanders had no other course left them than to lay a formal protest before the Neutral Powers against the inhumanity, and the violation of solemn agreements, by which the French systematically endeavoured to aggravate the terrors and sufferings of war.

Prince Bismarck's dispatch of 9th Jan. 1871 exposes, in severe but just terms, the brutality of a system of warfare which permitted the French to fire regularly on German flags-of-truce, which insulted and ill-used surgeons and hospital-attendants, and derided the provisions of international law. The dispatch makes mention of 21 cases in which German flags-of-truce had been fired at and several persons killed, wounded or taken prisoners, besides furnishing us with another list of 31 cases, up till the close of 1870, in which the Geneva Convention had been ignored by the French.

Into these 50 cases of breach of faith we have no intention of entering, and shall content ourselves with quoting, as a sample, the evidence of a Swiss surgeon, Dr. Burkhard, dated Pinseaux, 18th December:—

“The Convention of Geneva was frequently violated in the engagements in the Forest of Orleans. On the 30th November, I saw a French military physician, of whom it was not only stated by French prisoners, but openly confessed by himself, that he had shot many Prussian prisoners with his revolver.”

We must mention in this place *in what manner the French treated our sanitary columns*, and also make some observations on *their employment of explosive balls* of the class expressly prohibited by a Convention. With reference to the first point, we shall adduce a few cases not mentioned in Prince Bismarck's circular. The first of these, which was published in the *Neue Preussische Zeitung* of 20th Nov. 1870, narrates *how a sanitary column coming from Würzburg was arrested by the French near Longwy.*

Mr. A. Rabus of Würzburg, the head of the party, who underwent an imprisonment of 54 days, relates the circumstance as follows:—"The column was arrested by the populace of the market-town Longuion, and although the *maire* of that place did all he could to induce them to desist from their purpose, he could not appease the furious mob. When we came to Longwy, the horses and the waggons with everything they contained, even the clothes belonging to the column, were sold by auction in the market-place. Mr. Rabus was robbed of his money and his valuable surgical instruments: his entire loss amounted to about 11,000 francs. Intreaties and protests against such unheard-of proceedings, nay, even the tears of the waggoners — all of them Alsatian peasants — were disregarded, and the poor people had to return home minus horses and harness. The treatment of Mr. Rabus, during his imprisonment, was most infamous. With the cold flag-stones for a bed, he had to share a single blanket with 12 fellow-prisoners. The food was wretched, consisting chiefly of a thin watery soup and a fragment of very indifferent fleshmeat. One of his companions in misfortune was a young Swiss from Basel, called Meier, who had been arrested as a suspected spy. He was afterwards brought before a court-martial, and condemned to the galleys for five years."

The *National-Zeitung* of 25th Dec. reports an analogous case, which also appeared in the *Badische Landes-Zeitung*. "On 12th Dec. a Baden sanitary column was surprised by *francs-tireurs* between Velleron and Gray, and some of its members made prisoners. Though the waggons bore a large flag of

neutrality they were fired at; a waggoner from Raon l'Etape was killed, and a lazaret-assistant wounded. The two surgeons Fritschi and Stockert were set at liberty, but the French officers could not prevent them from being robbed by the *francs-tireurs* of every thing they had. Herr Steinmetz, the manager of the society's depot in Raon l'Etape, who accompanied the column on its way to Dijon, was taken prisoner, and is probably still in Besançon. Whatever we could do for his speedy liberation has been done already. It is characteristic of the *francs-tireurs* that they tore the flags of neutrality from the sanitary waggons, and carried them off as trophies."

We find some farther particulars regarding the last-mentioned occurrence in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of 28th Dec. 1870.

"After the evacuation of the Lazaret in Raon l'Etape on 4th Dec., I set out from that place, on 6th of same month, in company with the now disengaged *personnel*, Staff-surgeon Stockert and 5 lazaret-assistants, besides Depot-master Steinmetz, who had been commissioned by the Karlsruhe Charitable Institution (*Hilfsverein*) to conduct 3 waggons, laden with hospital requisites, to Dijon, my intention being to rejoin Lazaret No. 3 in Dijon. Passing through Epinal, Plombières, St. Loup, and Vesoul I reached in safety Velleuxon, near Fresne St. Mamilliers, where I slept in the night of 11th Dec. with a guard composed of 12 men who had been dismissed from the hospital of Vesoul as cured.

"On 12th Dec., an hour after our departure from Velleuxon, that is, about 10 a. m. Colonel von Willisen, accompanied by a few officers and lancers, and fol-

lowed by a light baggage-waggon and several saddle-horses, was riding in advance of our little column, when a fire was suddenly opened on us from our rear and the left side of the road which conducts from Velleuxon to Séreux. Our whole caravan consisted of 3 country carts—the first of which bore a large neutrality-flag—and a chaise behind them occupied by Stockert, Steinmetz, an ensign of the 30th regiment just out of the Karlsruhe hospital, and myself.

“When the first shots were fired, the chaise-horses, being frightened by the reports of the rifles and wounded, dragged our carriage into the ditch on the right-hand side of the road. The fire became still brisker, as our escort, taking advantage of the ditch and a neighbouring wood, offered a vigorous resistance.

“As soon as I and my three companions had extricated ourselves from the overturned chaise, I saw, at the distance of ten paces, a troop of 100—120 men coming towards us, preceded by three officers. They all wore red trowsers, caps with tassels, and cloaks with hoods; the majority were armed with chassepots. I immediately informed them that I was a surgeon, but they took my revolver from me, notwithstanding, and my sabre. The latter was afterwards returned to me. I asked for the commander of the troop, and expressed to him the indignation I felt at an attack on a sanitary column notwithstanding the flag of neutrality conspicuously displayed, whereupon the officer excused himself by saying that it was a mistake which he regretted, and that he was willing to set us at liberty if we gave him our word of honour not to mention, for 24 hours, where the attack had

taken place; which promise I gave. At this moment my attention was directed to some of the band who were driving Delegate Steinmetz before them with no gentle thrusts from the but-ends of their rifles, while others, as I observed, had captured the three lazaret-assistants, as well as our servant, with the saddle-horses and a cart containing our instruments, our luggage, and our private property.

"On my vigorous remonstrances against this disgraceful breach of neutrality, the officer pledged his word that everything should be returned. He gave me back, at my request, the flag of neutrality, which one of his men wished to retain as a trophy; whereupon he hastily set off, with four of his soldiers who had remained beside him, in the same direction as the rest of the band. The latter had, in the mean time, disappeared with their booty in a road which traversed the wood to the left. When I saw that there was really no intention of liberating the prisoners or restoring our baggage, I followed the troop for about 300 yards, renewing my protestations, but was then obliged to retrace my steps, as some of them turned to take aim at me and threatened to fire.

"On our side, a waggoner of Raon l'Etape was killed, besides 3 horses. Lieutenant von Bonin, adjutant of Colonel Willisen, received a shot in the left breast, and was made prisoner. Head lazaret-assistant Ringwald was wounded in the lower part of the thigh by a shot coming from the left side of the road, though the badge of neutrality on his left arm must have been plainly seen by our assailants. He had to undergo amputation in Gray. Five horses were also wounded.

"On the French side, the captain appeared to be the only sufferer, having been shot through both thighs. Of our party, Lieutenant von Bonin, an ensign of the 30th regiment, 8 men of the escort, 3 lazarret-assistants (all of whom wore the badge), Depot-master Steinmetz, and our two servants, with the saddle-horses, were taken. We were robbed of a cart with a variety of hospital requisites, the knapsacks, the whole of my baggage, and part of that of Staff-surgeon Stockert. The chaise was plundered of all it contained.

"There remained behind, besides myself, Stockert, lazarret-assistant Korn, our coachman, and the wounded Ringwald, whom I got placed in the chaise and whose wound I dressed in the first house we came to. Lieutenant von Bonin, who had been attended to by Stockert during my negotiation with the French officer, was pulled out of the vehicle by a part of the band, and though we remonstrated and insisted on the danger of removing a severely wounded man, he was led away as a prisoner.

"In Séreux I informed the *maire* in writing of what had occurred, and requested him to take charge of some articles I intrusted to his keeping. We had to make our way on foot to Gray, which we reached about half-past 5 o'clock, and first of all deposited Ringwald in the lazarret. We made our report, within 24 hours, to the Head of the Magazine-department (*Etappen-Commando*) and to General von Schmerling.

"Alfr. Fritschi, Staff-surgeon.

"Dijon, 16th Dec. 1870."

To the cases here cited we must add the almost incredible but only too well attested instances in

which the French employed explosive balls or other projectiles equally incompatible with the usages of civilized warfare. This practice is referred to in the following passage of the Federal Chancellor's dispatch:—

"In the battle of Wörth, it was remarked that rifle-balls first pierced the ground and then threw up the earth and sand with an audible explosion. Immediately after this observation had been made, Major von Beckendorf was severely wounded by an explosive rifle-bullet. A ball of the same kind struck Lieutenant von Oertzen, of the 2d Pomeranian lancers, in the engagement at Tours, on the 20th December. On inquiries being made, which have not yet been concluded, explosive bullets were found for the so-called *fusil à tabatière* in the stores taken at Strasburg."

And again:—

"A similar projectile has been found in the pouches of French soldiers who have been taken prisoners. It is a cartridge, the ball of which consists of a lead bullet cut into 16 or more segments, loosely joined together. Its effect would be similar to that of chopped lead. One of the many specimens found has been forwarded to the Foreign Office at Berlin, and there submitted to the inspection of the representatives of the Foreign Powers."

We do not see how the last-mentioned fact can be got over or explained away, even if it were not confirmed by additional testimony, such, for example, as the following communication published by the *North-German Gazette* of 4th Jan. 1871:—

"Near Bondy a French officer and two men were

taken by our people, and in the pouch of one of the latter, a soldier of the 137th regiment of the line, a cartridge was found *containing segments of chopped lead*. This cartridge was yesterday forwarded to the Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Meuse, as it is of importance to collect evidence touching the mode of warfare adopted and vainly though audaciously denied by the French. The cartridge in question contained a ball of lead divided by mechanical means into 16 fragments. I had an opportunity of speaking with some officers in the Prussian Guard, who assured me that at Le Bourget and other places *individual soldiers were wounded in a manner which could be accounted for only by the assumption that the French had made use of explosive balls.*"

In Prince Bismarck's dispatch of 17th Feb. we find some farther revelations on the subject of French contempt for international law:—

"According to the report of General von Kraatz-Koschlau, the enemy repeatedly employed explosive bullets for fire-arms in the engagement of Le Mans on the 11th January. General von Trëskow makes a similar statement with respect to the engagement of Montbéliard, in the latter half of last month. Judicial investigations have been instituted with respect to both events. That several German soldiers were wounded by small explosive bullets in the sortie from Paris on the 19th January is certified by the Surgeon-General of the 3d Army, and what were the effects of these projectiles in one particular case is described by the division-surgeon of the Guard Landwehr, which belongs to the 3d Army. I have the honour of inclosing copies of both the docu-

ments. Dr. Loeffler, the surgeon-general of the army, certifies the fact that a non-commissioned officer of the 91st Oldenburg infantry was wounded in a similar manner in the battle of St. Jean. The bullet had entered the front of the thigh, and left no orifice by which the ball had passed out, such as is usually made by gunshot-wounds. On the other hand, the soft internal parts and the back of the thigh were frightfully torn and burnt. Finally, we have a proof of French origin of the fact that the garrison of Paris was in possession of explosive balls such as are forbidden by treaty. After the attempt at insurrection made by the 101st marching-regiment before the Hotel de Ville on the 22d January, the Maire of Paris issued a communication to the maires of the Arrondissements, which was printed in the Parisian journals. It contained the following passage, which I render literally:—

“The houses opposite the Hotel de Ville had been occupied beforehand, and from thence a sharp fire was opened on the first story of the Hotel de Ville, on which its effects may be traced. It is remarkable that among the projectiles there were many explosive bullets and small bombs.”

“German patrols have in several places been wounded with hail-shot, and on different occasions rifles were taken from armed peasants which were found to be loaded with chopped lead.

“New and lamentable cases of the infraction of the convention of Geneva, of murder, and of barbarous mutilations, have also been brought to our notice.

“The dead body of a soldier of the 3d East-

Prussian cuirassiers was found on the 1st January at Villarie, Canton Naveil, near Vendôme, whose eyes, according to a medical report, had been cut out of their sockets. Information has been lodged of infamous actions of a similar character in the neighbourhood of Montbéliard, which are at present the subjects of a closer investigation."

Expulsion of the Germans.

It was reserved for the year 1870 and the *grande nation* to give the world an example of barbarity and heartless cruelty for which we shall vainly seek a pendant in the history of civilized nations.

We could adduce some thousands of instances to prove with what brutality—a brutality which bordered on frenzy—the French proceeded in their inhuman work of driving harmless Germans beyond their frontier. We shall limit ourselves to a very few, and begin with the following case, published in the *Neue Hannoversche Zeitung* of 10th Oct. 1870:—

"Dortmund, 6th October. A few days ago a native of Dortmund who had been expelled from France, in which country he had resided for 50 years, returned to his native place. He had left Dortmund in his youth, and he came back a grey-headed man to find himself among strangers, for with the exception of his aged brother almost no one knew one. Hardly any of his former friends and acquaintances are still alive."

We read in the *Berliner Fremdenblatt* of 3d Oct.:—
 “Germans who have been expelled from France are continually arriving, some to seek an asylum here, others to go farther. Last Saturday an elderly couple, in very indigent circumstances, reached this city. The husband, who was a German from Posen, had lived 40 years in France, and no longer spoke his mother tongue with facility. His wife, a French woman by birth, did not understand one word of our language.”

One of the most striking examples of the insane and indiscriminating fury of the French we find recorded in the *Zeitung für Norddeutschland* of 1st October:—

“Among the Germans banished from France is the learned Orientalist Julius von Mohl, now 70 years of age, who for nearly 40 years was Professor of Oriental Languages in the *Collège de France* and member of the French Institute. He is one of the most celebrated *savants* of Europe; his name is perhaps the first in Oriental literature. Formerly a professor in Tübingen, he accepted in 1832 an invitation from the French Government to settle in Paris, where he contributed by his learning and his published works to the literary reputation of France, and attracted a cosmopolitan crowd of students to the French capital. And now when he has reached the age of three score and ten, he has no other choice than to fly from Paris or be brought before a French court-martial. Julius von Mohl, the eldest of four brothers, each of whom has distinguished himself in his own department, has, we understand, taken up his temporary abode at London, but will probably

soon return to his native Stuttgart to leave it no more."

The most interesting information regarding the unfeeling and capricious acts of the authorities and the barbarous conduct of the people towards unfortunate Germans is perhaps to be obtained from the letters published by Louis Bamberger in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, under the title, "Materials for the Psychology of Nations." We quote from the fourth of these letters the following passages, from which we can form an idea of the unsparing severity with which the decree of expulsion was enforced:—

"It was after all a fortunate thing, and possibly dictated by humane considerations, that Cremieux decreed, as one of his first public measures in Tours, the expulsion of all Germans. It perhaps saved the lives of many of our countrymen. But the harshness with which the measure was carried out, and the brutal and insensate fury manifested by the people, will leave an indelible stain on the national character of a people superficially good and amiable. Even granting that the main object of the latest expulsions in Paris was to remove so many useless mouths, the mode in which the measure was carried out stamps it with the impress of inhumanity and vindictiveness. *The sick and bedridden were driven mercilessly forth. Though I have instituted no special inquiries, I myself know three cases of revolting heartlessness.* On the table before me lies at this moment a letter from a German governess, confined for years to her bed by paralysis, and supported by a small circle of friends. She writes with her shaking hand: — 'Paris, 11th Sept. 1870. I have been visited by a great, an irreparable mis-

fortune. I see myself forced to leave Paris. Where I am to go I know not. To travel alone in my unfortunate state is out of the question. I possess a few shares, which I have bequeathed in my last will to the friends who have so generously contributed to my support. I have repeatedly written and sent messages to the police—all to no purpose! I must start without delay. Your ever grateful M. E. S.’

“Mr. N., correspondent for an Austrian journal, suffering from paralysis for the preceding 3 years, likewise saw himself forced to leave Paris. The artist K.’s mother, who lay on her deathbed, had to be removed in a cab, and died on her way to the railway-station. Germans who had come to France as children, and knew no other home, experienced as little indulgence. In many cases they were not even granted time to withdraw the small sums they had economised from the savings-bank.

“I shall proceed to relate one of the most normal and least oppressive cases of expulsion I know, and repeat the story of the person most deeply interested, in nearly his own words. I could not detect in him a trace of animosity while he narrated his history, and it was his intention to go back to Paris as soon as he believed it practicable.

“My name is H. B.; I am 32 years of age, and was born in the Grand-Duchy of Baden. I have lived 7 years in Paris. I was at first manager of a perfumery business in Pantin; and last April I married the daughter of a French perfumer in the Rue St. Denis. In consequence of Trochu’s order, after Sedan, that Germans should not be permitted to remain in Paris unless furnished with a special autho-

rization, I obtained the requisite document from the commissary of police in our quarter. Hereupon, a second and severer decree was promulgated: all Germans were to leave the city within three days, with the sole exception of such as possessed a special permission accorded by the Government. I went to the *Préfecture de police*, where I read a placard announcing that every German who wished to remain in Paris must find three respectable inhabitants as sureties for his good conduct. With this order I also complied. On the same evening a new edict was issued by the Prefect of Police Kératry. The Germans were now ordered to quit the country within 24 hours. I went, in consequence, to the *Préfecture*, accompanied by my father-in-law and my sureties, and succeeded at last in getting a special permission of sojourn, in due form, signed by M. Bartholy, chief secretary of Kératry. This was on 6th Sept. On Sunday, the 11th Sept. we paid a visit to my wife's grandmother in Maison Lafitte, and brought her with us to Paris. On getting home, as we were all fatigued, we went to bed. About midnight we were alarmed by a violent pull at the bell, and the cry: 'Open, in the name of the law!' Having partially dressed myself, I hastened to open the door, and a *commissaire* with six national guards burst into our dwelling. The former asked me in an imperious tone: 'Have you an authorization to remain in Paris?' 'Certainly.' 'Let me see it.' I handed him the paper, which he thrust into his pocket without so much as glancing at it. He then ordered his people to search the house. My furniture, clothes, &c., were rigidly examined, and some letters I had received

from friends in Germany were seized, as well as a small revolver. All this took place in the presence of my wife, at that time pregnant, who lay half dead with fear in a bed in the same room. I was next arrested and led away in spite of remonstrances and intreaties. It was a heart-breaking sight to see how my wife and her old grandmother sobbed, when I was suddenly torn from them in the dead of the night, they knew not why. At the door I found some 30 national guards, and a mass of the populace. On every side I heard cries of: *Espion prussien!* and but for the protection of the guard I should infallibly have been murdered by the roughs. I was first of all brought to the *corps de garde* on the Boulevard Bofine Nouvelle, where a report was drawn up, to the effect that fire-arms had been discovered in my possession, and that I was a dangerous person. Several prison-vans stood before the door, all filled with unfortunate Germans who had been arrested. Into one of these I was thrust, and then we drove off to the Préfecture. The streets re-echoed with the uproar made by the national guards and the clattering of the prison-vans. When we arrived at the Préfecture we were drawn up in several rows in the yard. Many of us had no other clothing than the night-clothes in which we had sprung out of bed. When I attempted to speak a word to my next neighbour the inspector cried out: 'Hold your tongue, there behind!' At length it was my turn to be examined, and during my interrogation I continually heard around me such observations as: 'That's a nice fellow; he shan't get out again, or if he does, it will be to go to the gallows.' My pockets were searched,

and watch and money taken from me; after which I was consigned to cell No. 86. I had luck, however, for hundreds of my companions had to sleep on straw in a sort of large stable. My father-in-law, who was a national guard, put on his uniform, and came to the Préfecture to claim me, but it was of no use. For six days I was kept a close prisoner in this cell. On only two occasions was my father-in-law able to speak a few words with me through the wicket. On the sixth day I was told that I must leave France by way of Rouen, and I obtained permission to go home for an hour to my wife, under the supervision of two police-agents!'"

In another place Bamberger cites the case of a German who, after being thrown into prison like a felon, was not even there safe from petty persecution. We give his own words:—

"During the night I was three times taken out of my cell under pretence of being lodged elsewhere, and as often brought back. At the same time the national guards on duty amused themselves in jeering at and tormenting me. I turned my back on them. 'Ah, he turns his back on us,' they cried, 'good, he shall be shot—no, we'll hang him up by the feet.' I was at last brought, for the fourth time, into the court, and conducted, in a prison-van, with several others, to the railway-station. Here I saw a shocking sight. A German, a sick old man, lay writhing in despair on the ground. He had no other clothing than a shirt and a night-jacket. He cried out in French:—'I am 64 years of age, and have been 54 years in France; I am married to a Frenchwoman, and have two sons in the French army.' Wringing

his hands he placed himself on his knees and intreated his guards to leave him where he was. On seeing that his prayers were useless, he fainted, and the Commandant ordered him to be removed from the place. The old man came to himself only to be seized with a violent nervous attack. He was deposited beside the wall, and a bucket of cold water was poured on his head. Notwithstanding this energetic treatment he showed no signs of life, and one of the guards, opening the mouth of the aged sufferer, said coolly: — *Je crois que c'est fini*. This was the last I saw of the unfortunate man before we started; he is most probably dead. The heart-rending scene will never be effaced from my memory. I found the railway-train crowded with companions in misfortune, every one of them had his tale of suffering and barbarous treatment to tell. Two carriages were entirely filled with women, one of whom had been torn away from her husband's arm while taking a walk with him the Sunday before. I found, among others, the second servant of the German Charitable Society in Paris. He had been arrested first, he said, and afterwards his wife and children were expelled; but he had no idea what had become of them. The house-owner in the Rue d'Allemagne, where he lived, had initiated the persecution, he added, by turning him with his furniture into the street, where he had suffered every sort of insult and ill-treatment from the mob. He had been detained for 3 days in the guard-room and often beaten with the but-ends of muskets in the presence of his former landlord, who was an officer in the national guards.—To return to my own history, I succeeded,

with difficulty and danger, in reaching Havre, where my life was again threatened by the rabble, and finally got on board a steamer starting for London. When I found myself safe in the English capital I again drew breath, but it was some time before I got over the effects of my bodily and mental sufferings. In a London restaurant, frequented by foreigners, I met with several young men who, though ignorant of any language but French, had been expelled from France because one of their parents had been German."

H. B. farther stated that on the whole he had been treated with comparative indulgence, owing to the influence of his father-in-law, but that since leaving Paris he had heard nothing from his wife. He believed that many Germans were still pining in the prisons of Paris.

It must not be supposed that this inhuman treatment of unoffending Germans was limited to Paris. We have already seen what was the popular spirit in Havre, and similar accounts from other French towns prove how completely the French people were governed by the fanatical passion they miscalled "patriotism." The *North-German Gazette* published, on 5th October, the following cases, reported by a highly trustworthy correspondent in Lille:—

"A German girl, who was a domestic servant in the house of the banker Pérot, has been attacked and beaten by the populace. A German tradesman, who deals in toys and such things, has been stabbed with a knife and dangerously hurt. A Prussian, called Trautvetter, a son of the late privy-counsellor of the same name in Glogau, who had filled for 10 years

a confidential position in the great house of Desiai frères in Lille, was thrown into prison on 7th Aug., together with Consul Stahr, under the pretext that he maintained a correspondence with the enemies of France, and had spoken disrespectfully of the Emperor. The accused, after passing 14 days in preliminary confinement, was condemned to 8 days' imprisonment, payment of the costs, and expulsion from French territory, after which he was conducted in fetters to the frontier. While in prison he had to associate with thieves and vagabonds of every description."

The *Neue Preussische Zeitung* of 26th Oct. 1870 reproduces from the *Frankfurter Journal* the following particulars regarding the expulsion of the Germans from Dreux:—

"This decision was taken in consequence of an inconsiderable fight in the neighbourhood of Dreux between Germans on the one side, and national guards and mobiles on the other. So long as the town appeared to be threatened, the services of the Germans as interpreters were eagerly sought, but when the danger was over they were looked on as traitors and spies, arrested and lodged in prison. Though not harshly treated in other respects, they were constantly assured that they were to be shot. Fortunately for them, their captors changed their mind, so that after 15 days' detention the prisoners were sent, heavily chained, to the Belgian frontier, to which they even found that their trunks had been forwarded."

We could adduce a thousand more similar examples if the space to which we are necessarily limited allowed of it. The expulsion of the Germans from

France, during the war of 1870, may be quite consistent with the assumption that the French people march "at the head of civilization"—but it must be admitted that there is a very wide interval between them.

French Inhumanity in War.

It is with a feeling of aversion and sincere repugnance that we undertake the task of recording some of those acts of brutality by which our enemies, in the course of the late war, disgraced the name of France.

The *Frankfurter Journal* of 6th Dec. last publishes a field-post letter from Dijon, containing the following passage:—

"Garibaldi's band have added another exploit to the famous 'surprise' at Chatillon. After the combat of 26th Nov. near Dijon, the wounded Baden officer, Major B., was missing. The next day he was found in a village to which he had been brought by the Garibaldians. These heroes had snatched a moment, in their retreat, to ease him of his purse (containing 500 francs), his watch, his revolver, and even his shirt."

The *Berliner Börsen-Zeitung* of 14th Oct. 1870 gives some striking examples, partly from the mouth of returned soldiers and partly extracted from camp-letters, of the malignant enmity shown by the French of both sexes towards our troops. An artillerist writes from the camp before Metz that a woman had entered the lines, a few days before, ostensibly to

sell brandy to the soldiers. The men gathered round her, but after the first had tasted the liquor he set down the glass and asked his comrades if it had not a peculiar smell. The woman became deadly pale; she was arrested, and her jug taken from her. An examination showed that the vessel contained a quantity of the phosphorus ends of broken lucifer-matches. The intending murderess was handed over to the nearest officer." An under-officer writes from Champagne:—"We are not sure of our lives a moment; an army-gendarme has just been shot down before our door, and when an officer hastened out on hearing the report, two balls whistled past his ear. The would-be assassins were nowhere to be found."

In a letter from a landwehr-man, published in the *Magdeburger Zeitung* of 8th Feb. 1871, we find what follows:—"When the train, conveying the convalescent soldiers who were returning to their regiments, had nearly reached Gondreville, we heard violent firing. The train stopped; we alighted and advanced at the double-quick to take part in the engagement that was going on. This was the well-known attack on the guard stationed at the bridge over the Moselle. We soon saw one German soldier quite dead and terribly mutilated; a second, who had lost his ears, and whose mouth had been dreadfully gashed, was struggling hard with death; while others, we could observe, had been repeatedly stabbed in the legs and the breast."

We find some additional details, connected with the same revolting incident in the *National-Zeitung* of 31st Jan. 1871:

"Rheims, 23d Jan.

"Yesterday morning, at half-past 5 o'clock, we started from Nancy. It was the usual mail-train, which reaches Lagny in the evening. Between the stations of Leverdun and Fontenay a landwehr-man of the 57th regiment approached the train, and called loudly to us to stop, as *francs-tireurs* had attacked the next station, Fontenay, and surprised the garrison consisting of a sergeant and about 60 men. Luckily the train was not at full speed, and was stopped without difficulty. The order was given for all soldiers to alight. Our number was but small, hardly 50 men, chiefly convalescents belonging to different regiments and divisions. A captain of the 46th regiment took the command of the whole; a first lieutenant was placed at the head of the main-body, while I myself with 16 men, to whom 8 more were afterwards joined, formed the vanguard." After a minute account of a *reconnaissance*, the writer continues:—"I examined the ground as far as the Moselle, and observed that the bridge had been blown up in a regular and scientific way, which convinced me that the band of *francs-tireurs* had been accompanied by an engineer. About 100 paces from this spot I found the body of a soldier of the 57th landwehr-regiment, which had occupied the railway-station in Fontenay. *The poor fellow had been plundered and stripped; his throat was gashed, his right ear cut off, and his corpse was disfigured with flesh-wounds. Two wounded men, found in the village, had also suffered revolting mutilation.* At last, a detachment of infantry came to our assistance from Toul, and the

village of Gondreville, in which there were still some *francs-tireurs*, was stormed."

We find in a communication addressed to the *North-German Gazette* of 4th Jan.:—

Metz, 30th Jan.

"A horrifying affair took place here the day before yesterday, which furnishes a new and sad proof of the fanatical hatred felt for us by the French population—a hatred which reveals itself in acts that justify the sternest reprisals. On 28th inst., between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, a Prussian landwehr-man of the 59th regiment was found dead in a court behind a house. From a gaping wound above the temple the brain of the luckless victim protruded in a mass twice as large as the fist of a man. It appeared, from an autoptical examination of the corpse, that death had been caused by a blow from a cleaver, and, as was conjectured, about half-an-hour before the finding of the body. It was farther discovered, by distinct traces of blood, that the crime must have been committed in the room where the murdered man was lodged, after which the body had been dragged, in the hope of baffling investigation, into the court. Suspicion fell at once on the master of the house, who, on learning that the corpse had been found, had hastily concealed himself, together with his family. After about a quarter of an hour's search in the house, his hiding-place was discovered, and in the mean time his wife and his two sons were found secreted in a house on the other side of the street. All four were arrested. The murdered landwehr-man was 36 years of age, and has left a wife and 5 children.—We

may also mention that in Eggenstein, a place not far from Carlsruhe, the current of the Rhine cast a Prussian soldier of the 67th infantry on land. A post-mortem examination proved that he had been assassinated by a blow delivered from behind with a blunt instrument. The skull was fractured, and the body exhibited several other wounds. Official inquiries established the identity of the deceased. It was believed he had been on duty near the river, somewhere in Elsass, and that after being treacherously murdered his body was thrown into the Rhine."

The *Neue Preussische Zeitung* of 1st Feb. says:—

"Communications from various quarters speak of the barbarities practised, not by Turcos but by Frenchmen. On 31st Dec. Captain Weber fell severely wounded. When our troops reoccupied the same ground on 1st Jan. they found his dead body. The eyes had been gouged out; and the tendons torn from the muscles. We have heard of many similar atrocious acts perpetrated by the enemy on the fallen."

We also read in a German journal appearing in London, the *Deutsche Post* of 11th Feb.:—

"In Monbéliard the Germans found, to their ineffable indignation, one of their own people whose nose and ears had been cut off and his head shattered with the but-end of a chassepot."

The next act of barbarity to which we shall refer was reported in the *Spenersche Zeitung* of 21st Jan. 1871:—

"The 3d squadron of the 7th Rhenish Lancers, which had joined the troops marching from Bapaume on Arras, was sent out under Lieutenant-Colonel

von Pestel to make a *reconnaissance*. The detachment, after a long and wearisome ride, put up in a village, and planted sentinels. Scarcely, however, had they found quarters when a great number of *gardes mobiles* and armed peasants suddenly appeared on all sides; the lancers, who hastened to form their ranks, were greeted with volleys of musketry and overpowered, with the exception of the three sentinels who escaped and galloped back to report the affair to Lieutenant-Colonel von Pestel. The latter advanced at once with a reinforcement, but owing to the bad weather it was some hours before he reached the village. He came too late to rescue the prisoners, who had been carried off by the *gardes mobiles*; but in a cow house the Germans found, concealed with straw, and entirely cut to pieces, the bodies of the Ensign, of a volunteer, and two other lancers."

The *North-German Gazette* of 28th Dec. quotes the following passage from the *Journal des Débats*:—

"When a Turco lately boasted on the Boulevard that with his thumb he had gouged out the eyes of wounded men the bystanders expressed their disapprobation, and he hastily withdrew."

The French system of warfare has been characterized, not only in its details, but as a whole, by an unexpected and total absence of all feelings of honour. Officers violate their solemn pledges, soldiers murder, and the people follow their example; the self-created Government fan the flames of popular passion, and augment the mutual hatred of the belligerents. Prince Bismarck very pertinently observes, in the dispatch we have already quoted:—

"This object is furthered by a species of warfare

opposed to the moral sentiments of our age, and for which, if we except the native African ingredient in the French army, the essential elements of the latter can only be prepared by weaning them so completely from the customs of European warfare by combats abroad that it no longer finds a general condemnation in the military traditions of France."

We add here a few facts to show that in various circumstances, and different scenes of the theatre of war, the French showed such a consistent disregard for military honour and the usages of war, that treachery became the rule and honourable warfare the exception. The *Berliner Fremden-Blatt* wrote in the beginning of Feb. 1871:—

"We find a new proof of how little trust is to be put in the honour of French officers and of what infamous baseness they are capable, in the circumstances attending the death of Lieutenant Assessor W. This officer had fought in all the engagements of the 3d Army-Corps from 6th till 11th Jan. when, in a wood near Changé, a mile east of Le Mans, he fell in with a French division, who waved their pocket-handkerchiefs towards him—the usual symbol of surrender. The Lieutenant, who had no suspicion of treachery, hereupon advanced and summoned the French officer in command to deliver up his sword, when the dastardly scoundrel ordered his men to fire, and poor B. fell shot through the heart, with several of his soldiers beside him."

The *North-German Gazette* of 5th Nov. 1870 relates how the one-year volunteer B. was treacherously killed as his reward for performing an act of humanity:—

"On 21st Oct. when B. and another officer were on patrol-duty near Saulny, in the neighbourhood of Metz, they were accosted by a starving deserter from the French army, whom they charitably refreshed with food and drink. After having shaken hands with them with great apparent cordiality, the fellow dropped behind, and immediately afterwards discharged his weapon at his benefactors. The ball unfortunately struck B. in the right shoulder. The assassin forthwith expiated his crime with his life. The young officer was taken back to Saulny, where he died the next morning. The incident was officially reported, the day after his death, by the Commander of the battalion, who highly praised the intrepid valour and honourable character of the murdered officer."

The following was first published in the *Augsburg Gazette*, and afterwards in the *North-German Gazette* of 24th December:—

"The efforts of Messrs. Gambetta and associates to incite that part of the population which is not enrolled in the regular armies to treacherous and brutal assaults on the Germans, have not failed to produce their fruits. Murderous attacks, like those of Ablis and Chatillon, have of late become more frequent, the freeshooter nuisance has attained greater dimensions, and it is notorious that Gambetta in his wild proclamations continually preaches war to the knife, and orders the peasantry of the districts towards which the enemy is advancing to destroy their cattle and hay, as well as everything edible that cannot be removed, in order that the Germans may find before them a naked wilderness. Since Weissen-

burg, Wörth, and Sedan, *the French have fired, in every encounter, in direct violation of the Geneva Convention, on our surgeons and sick-bearers.* After the fights at Brie and Champigny, in the beginning of September, wounded Frenchmen lay three days bleeding on the battle-field, because, at every attempt to remove them, some of the German sick-bearers, though wearing conspicuously the badge of the red cross, fell victims to their humanity. With regard to Chateaudun, the obstinate character of the defence has been repeatedly described. When every street in a town is obstructed with barricades, strengthened with ditches and improvised chevaux-de-frise composed of broken glass and spiked nails, when every house is made into a fortress and must be carried by storm, I do not see what other alternative soldiers have than to take and destroy one house after another. On this particular occasion, the leader of the French, a Pole who had a perfect knowledge of German, made use of a stratagem which more than once succeeded. When he saw a troop of German soldiers dashing forward, he cried to them from some hiding-place:—‘Is Lieutenant Müller or Becker among you, comrades? No? Come on all the same; you will be well covered here.’ If the unsuspecting Germans advanced, they fell into an ambush, and were suddenly surrounded and massacred by the French, amid scoffing and derision.”

We shall show, in our next chapter, how the entire country was systematically instigated, by the propagation of the vilest falsehoods in newspapers and pamphlets, by the acts and language of influential persons, and by the official decrees of the con-

stituted authorities, to carry on a disloyal and perfidious warfare with the Germans.

The French Press, and the language of prominent political Personages.

Long before the beginning of the late campaign there were in France not a few political agitators who made it their principal occupation to egg on the French people to demand war with Germany, forgetting, in their overweening self-confidence, that the fortune of arms is proverbially uncertain. The daily press, in particular, was distinguished by the solicitude with which it nurtured anti-German feeling in France. Well practised in falsehood, and long accustomed to pander to the self-deception of a degenerate people, French newspaper-writers seemed at last to half believe their own fabrications and almost imagine that a stroke of the editor's pen could completely transform the plainest facts.

We shall begin our citations with a proclamation published in the *Liberté*, and which this paper requested all other French journals to reprint at the head of their first column. It is drawn up in broken German, and addressed to German soldiers. We subjoin a literal translation.

“To the German soldiers.

“A great part of the German fathers of families, who have signed an agreement with the Prussians for 3 months; this convention has now expired (*sic*).

"Tired of the cruel war which Bismarck and William carry on with us, they wish to lay down their arms and become guests of this noble (*iedlen*) France which Prussian despots aim at destroying. But the Prussian leaders tell their soldiers that the French shoot prisoners-of-war, hence the Germans are afraid to come to us.

"German soldiers are herewith informed that not only will they not be shot, but they shall be treated by us as brothers.

"The French Republic defends its life and its honour. It carries on war with tyrants, but offers to all nations a fraternal hand."

The *Indépendance Algérienne* writes:—

"The moment is come for executing the orders of General Faidherbe, and the Goums must march at once. It would be desirable that our province could furnish 2000 of these men. They might be commanded by Kaids and other officers of the Arab Bureaux, who speak Arabic fluently. These Goums will be sent to Lyons as soon as they are ready. There they will fight as skirmishers and do outpost duty, since we do not understand how to use our light cavalry. Our next object will be to annihilate the Uhlans or intimidate them *by cutting off some of their heads*. The Goums will throw themselves, in two or three groups, to which will be joined a few German-speaking officers and under-officers, into the Duchy of Baden, to retaliate on the Germans *by burning all the villages and the forests*—which will be very easy at this season when the ground is covered with dry leaves. The Black Forest, once set on fire, will illuminate at night the valley of the Rhine with

its flames; and the Goums, passing round its skirt, will make their way into Württemberg, which they will totally devastate. The ruin of the allies of Prussia will be a certain means of detaching them from the Prussian cause.

“The Goums carry nothing with them but cartridges; they will find provisions enough everywhere. They do not burn towns and villages till they have first furnished themselves with all they require for a few days. We shall say to these brave sons of the Prophet:—‘We know you, we appreciate your courage; we are well aware how energetic, impetuous, and enterprising you are. Go and cut off heads—the more heads, so much the more shall we esteem you.’ At the news of the inroad of these Africans, terror will spread over Germany, and the Prussian armies will begin to repent their departure from their hearths, *where their wives and children will have to atone, with their lives, for the cruelties of their fathers and husbands.* Away with compassion! away with feelings of humanity! No mercy for the modern Vandals, who surpass in ruthlessness the Huns and all the barbarians of the middle ages whom the forests of Germany have vomited forth for 1400 years past. Nothing but an invasion of Germany can raise the siege of Paris. The Goums will make it a point of honour to carry out faithfully our command: ‘Kill, plunder, burn.’”

In reading such detestable newspaper articles, we cannot refrain from asking if the whole blame should be justly laid at the door of the ignorant Turcos when they decapitated, not only dead bodies but wounded Germans at Coulours (near Villeneuve le

Roi) and Auxon (near Troyes), or when, as in some other places, they cut off the nose and ears of wounded men?

The Marseilles journal, *la Révolution* of 28th Nov., repeats, though in less truculent language than the leading journal of Algeria, the cry "to burn and plunder." It says:—

"'Boldness, boldness, and boldness again!' was the device of Danton.

"Let a resolute general, Garibaldi for example, put himself at the head of a resolute army, well equipped and armed, with plenty of provisions and ammunition; let this army, without troubling itself about the Prussian battalions which have inundated our fair provinces, make a dash at the Rhine. Let it, *coute que coute*, get a footing on German soil. Let it carry with it destruction and death; let it march straight on Berlin!

"The concentration of all the French forces shall take place at a point previously determined, and, as in the great days of our history, a bloody and decisive battle will give the *coup de grâce* to the northern barbarians, and save our country.

"Boldness then! and let us not lose a moment. Let us at once organize the *Armée d'Allemagne*! Let us rise *en masse*, and march, chanting the Marseillaise, on Berlin!"

In addition to these incitations to devastate Germany, we find every now and again, in the columns of French journals, lugubrious and horrifying prognostications as to the fate which France, and especially Paris, has to expect from the "barbarous German hordes." One of the principal contributors to

the *Patrie*, M. Weiss, has particularly distinguished himself in this peculiar style of writing. He assures his readers that Paris has no other alternative than to conquer or die, for the consequences of a capitulation would be much more fearful than death. The German barbarians would torture the unfortunate citizens for perhaps half a century; nor would the Parisians be the only sufferers, for the fall of France would be almost simultaneous with that of Paris. "Louis Blanc," continues M. Weiss, "has drawn a frightful picture of the horrors that awaited the city after a capitulation. All objects of value would be methodically confiscated, the inhabitants beggared by forced requisitions, and a large number of them exiled to Germany to work there as slaves; in short, ruin would be heaped on ruin." These prospects, gloomy as they are, appear to M. Weiss to be far too hopeful. The Germans, according to him, would take possession of the Forts and closely blockade Paris as long as they pleased, for all Europe could not expel them from these strong positions. What M. Thiers intended to be a shield and safeguard for the capital would become a heavy chain and crushing yoke; the Forts would be made the fatal means of effecting the destruction of Paris and the ruin of France. Nay more, Alsace and Lorraine would be lost for at least half a century, if not for ever. The France of Henry IV. and Louis IX. would be effaced from the map of Europe, and nothing left but the meagre, mutilated, misshapen France of Charles IV. Rather than witness this humiliation M. Weiss prefers—not to fight, but to die; though it is not im-

possible that, like other Frenchmen who have made a similar vow, he may yet change his mind.

It may be supposed that the rhapsodical address to the Goums already quoted might defy imitation or competition, but we think it at least equalled by the following new version of the Marseillaise, which appeared in the *Paris-Journal* of 23d July 1870:—

1. "Up, up! the hour for grand sacrifices has come. The long-restrained hatred calls combatants into the field, men, women, children, grey-beards. The enemy approaches and raises his song; he shall soon sing out of tune. Whoever crosses our frontier must sleep in the dust. Whatever is able to kill shall kill.

2. When the enemy is asleep in the barn, set it quickly on fire. To sweep away such filth should we hesitate and reflect? Whoever lays a hand on France may be sure beforehand of perishing on our dunghills. One of the enemy shall be suspended from every branch. Wolves themselves have a right to defend their den.

3. Hunt them down without giving them a moment's repose; hide yourselves in every thicket. Your trade shall be to kill; the high roads will be your workshops. Let us all begin the chase, and let them think themselves fortunate if we are content with thrusting a dungfork into their bodies and spitting them in their hiding-places."

These lessons, it will be seen, are not addressed to the French army but to the people, and they unmistakably inculcate that murder is a patriotic duty. If any one in Germany were to make such abominable suggestions to the civil population, he would be

unanimously condemned by outraged public opinion. But in Paris, in the pretended capital of European civilization, such instigations to crime are published, without calling forth remonstrance, in one of the principal public journals.

We must add to the foregoing extracts a short quotation from a French philosopher Michelet, at present residing in Florence, who has contrived to introduce into his latest "work" — a pamphlet of about 100 pages—as many absurdities as we could reasonably expect to find in the contents of a moderately sized library. This passage is his contribution in aid and confirmation of the favourite craze of his countrymen—the spy mania.

"It is proved, demonstrated, acknowledged, sure, notorious, clear as the Sun," says M. Michelet, "that for three or four years (1867—1870), Prussian spies were busy in France, in that unsuspecting, hospitable France which received them so kindly and concealed nothing from them. I have read many histories, but never found anything like this. No; in the whole annals of the world there is no similar event, planned so long before, and on so great a scale, one may say, by a whole nation of well-received travellers, or rather by an entire people of former guests, our clerks, our workmen, our servants. Two different classes of spies must be distinguished — the travelling and the resident. The former is commonly an amiable, red-cheeked, fair-complexioned youth, fresh from the University, and carrying a pocketful of letters of introduction from estimable people. * * I wish I had time to describe the sentimental journey which (about 1867) this fine young observer, spy,

poet and philosopher, made through France, the letters he penned in the evening, sometimes to M. von Moltke, sometimes to his betrothed. How little can a man of books and scholastic learning know of this country, in which the best is not written. What lies and absurdities must he not write home! But the figures collected for the General Staff will not be valueless. He will be able to state on what resources an invading enemy may reckon in every town, in every house, in the house that shelters him. Who could mistrust him? He looks more girlish than the daughter of the family with whom he plays duets on the piano. The more timid and awkward he appears, the more confidence he inspires; the more it is supposed that anything may be said in his presence."

M. Felix Pyat, editor of the journal, *le Combat*, gives vent to his fanatical Prussophobia in terms too gross for reproduction. This is the same man who openly instigated his countrymen to regicide, and promised *une carabine d'honneur au patriote français qui tuerait le roi de Prusse*. It is repugnant to a German pen and to German lips to sully our language with this atrocious proposal, hence we retain the original French words as the most appropriate means of branding and stigmatizing the infamous suggestion. This *carabine d'honneur*, however, reminds us that another Parisian journal, about the same time, intrusted to its readers the secret, that "it could state on what occasion and in what way William of Prussia, then resident at Ferrières, might be taken prisoner, dead or alive."

It is true that we could not expect to find those

controlling moral sentiments which other nations, when engaged in war, take pride in displaying, among a people one of whose generals—Pelissier—had inhumanly suffocated a crowd of wretched Arabs in a cave, and who looked on the plundering of a Chinese palace as one of the most glorious exploits of Palikao. Such antecedents should have prepared us for a species of warfare hitherto unknown in Europe and repugnant to the moral feelings of our century, but to which the French had become so well reconciled by habit that they had not a word to condemn or reprehend it.

If French menace had always been as amusing as the conceited bombast addressed to us by Girardin:—“You require more time to study the Rhine than our soldiers to take it,” we should have enjoyed the fun and laughed heartily. But when a Minister such as the unblushing Duc de Gramont threatens Germany with an invasion, on which occasion *même les femmes* are not to be spared, when we see a nation heartily supporting such a man in declaring a causeless and wanton war, we cannot but regard it as a most melancholy index to the state of culture and public and private morality in the *nation la plus civilisée*. When such a menace is uttered by the Prime Minister of a country against defenceless women, we need not be surprised at the abominable suggestion of the *Gaulois* that, *as soon as the Prussians had reached the neighbourhood of Paris ten thousand patriotic filles-de-joie should be sent out to poison the blood of the whole German army.*

M. Alfred Rogat of the *Patrie*, a worthy colleague of M. d'Aviant de Piolant of the *Français*, writes in

the former journal:—"We particularly recommend to our peasantry those robbers, the Uhlans; let them be cut down without mercy, wherever they are found isolated." The word "isolated," used by M. Rogat, gives us no high idea of either his courage or his notions of military honour. In this respect, however, he is quite as advanced as General Farre, who writes to a Lille newspaper:—

"To-day a very remarkable razzia was executed by the dragoons. They found in Quesnel 9 German patients, and 45 hospital-assistants armed to the teeth, and provided with good horses. The latter put on the red cross when they saw themselves surrounded. Our dragoons, however, were not satisfied with this singular specimen of Prussian honour in matters concerning public right. We set the doctors first at liberty, and then an equal number of patients and attendants, giving them more horses than people in health would have required; the rest we made prisoners. It is well to publish this incident, as an example of the way in which the barbarous hordes who inundate our country abuse the most sacred conventions of civilized nations.—General Farre."

The charge of a breach of international law on the part of the Germans was thus trumped up by a French General to palliate a base and cowardly outrage on the *personnel* of a German field-hospital.

Still more exquisite is the language of Bordone, Chef of Garibaldi's Staff, a person who, on several occasions, had made acquaintance with the criminal police, on account of his unclear ideas of the *meum* and *tuum*, before he became one of the professional saviours of France. This individual is one of those

poisonous fungi which suddenly spring up in an unwholesome and fermenting soil. In an order of the day by which Bordone informs the Garibaldians that Clinchant had crossed the Swiss frontier, after expressing his regret that Garibaldi had been unable to deliver Clinchant from his perilous position, he terminates with these words:—

“Let us swear not to lay aside our weapons till the soil of France has been purged of this flock of foxes and wolves, which is called the army of Emperor William. From this time forth we will attack them as we would wild beasts, through whose bodies, when they are dying on the ground, we drive stakes and pitchforks!”

The late defender of Paris who, according to his own account, was not beaten by the Germans, expressed himself on the following occasion with less brutality, it is true, but in terms which the most favourable criticism can call neither dignified nor humane. After the bombardment of Sevres by the cannon of Mont Valérien, the Maire of that place, whether of his own accord or at the suggestion of Headquarters we cannot tell, addressed a letter to General Trochu informing him that the fire of the fort had killed an old French lady and greatly injured 27 houses, while only 8 Hessian Jägers were slightly wounded. He therefore requested, in the name of humanity and common sense, but above all, in the name of suffering France, that French towns should not in future be made a target for French shells. Trochu replied that M. le Maire understood nothing about war, and that his letter had been dictated by the Prussians. He was himself the best

judge of what should be done and left undone for a heroic defence of Paris and the welfare of the country. He felt proud that 8 Hessian Jägers had been wounded. With such a success, too much stress should not be laid on the damage done to 27 houses in Sèvres, and the loss of a single French life. M. le Maire should recall the device of the heroes of classic antiquity: *Dulce et decorum pro patria mori*, and get these words engraved on the lady's tombstone. He gave a tear to her memory, and desired nothing so ardently as to die in the same glorious way for his country. As to other matters, there was only one thing he regretted, and that was, his excessive humanity at the time the Prussians were approaching Paris. Had he consulted nothing but the military interests of the country he would have destroyed towns and villages, villas, mills, and woods for six leagues around Paris, and thus prepared for the Germans a Moscow under its walls. Had this plan been executed the King of Prussia would not be sitting in the Préfecture of Versailles, nor Monsieur in his Mairie of Sèvres, over the ruins of which he might have wept like Cato among those of Carthage. He had the honour to remain, &c.

Thus, immorality, cruelty and crime are hallowed till assassination is openly preached in journals and books, in the pulpit, and in the proclamations of the Government.

While Rochefort was still hesitating whether he should give his new journal the title of *le Régicide*, a Parisian bookseller, Armand le Chevalier, 6 Rue Richelieu, published a sheet containing a portrait of

Prince Bismarck and the following very plain instigation to his assassination:—

“Prussia has made her great man of Bismarck, but on the 8th May 1866, that country was deeply moved by the fate of a young fanatic, a student, who, suspecting Bismarck to be an enemy of freedom, fired five shots at him from a revolver. This Blind was one of that sect of enthusiasts, to which Carl Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue, Staps, who tried to poignard Napoleon at Schönbrunn, and Oscar Becker, who attempted the life of the King of Prussia, belonged. Blind was not wrong in believing that he had a Roman soul, for after his arrest he proved himself a stoic, and opened a vein to cheat the executioner of a victim. If we were to learn to-day that a more successful attempt on Bismarck’s life had been made, would France have the magnanimity to abstain from applauding? For it is true that this terrible question of political assassination, until, with capital punishment and war, it has been expunged from the consciousness of nations, will always remain a question of relative morality(!) To-day the man would be greeted as a Saviour who, a few months ago, would have been condemned as a vulgar murderer.”

Here we cannot refrain from adverting to the incitements to crime that emanated from the French Catholic clergy, or at least a part of them—for we do not wish to make the whole body responsible for individual misconduct. In a letter written by a Roman Catholic German soldier in Orleans, and published in the *Mainzer Zeitung* of 21st Jan. 1871, we find the following interesting passage:—

“After this, a French clergyman told his pa-

rishioners in church that they should all join the army again, but he especially recommended them to make acquaintance on new-year's eve with German soldiers, to take them to a cabaret, make them completely drunk, and then cut their throats. The priest, however, had ill-luck; for he was taken prisoner, tried, and shot. These men are devils, who prolong the war. With them there can be neither peace nor truce." The same fact is confirmed in a second letter, likewise from a Catholic soldier.

The well-known Bonbonnet, who was one of Garibaldi's colonels, published a report in the *Salut public*, which concluded with these words:—

"Away with regular armies, away with great pitched battles! Prussia shall no longer make an effective use of her numerous artillery. Let the enemy destroy our towns and villages; we will make a wilderness around him by devastating the whole country on his way. Every man between 18 and 60 shall be bound to deliver the ear of a Prussian, under penalty of being all his life treated as a coward and crushed with taxes, while the bold and courageous shall be exempted. Let a Frenchman conceal himself in every hollow, and lie in wait for his victim behind every bush. Any weapon will serve—an axe, a scythe, a hammer, or poison. In ambush the smooth-bore or the percussion-gun is to be preferred. With a charge of large shot you have a complete mitrailleuse in your hands, which at 30 yards will bring death to ten men."

The last proof we shall adduce of the total absence of all honourable military feeling in France will be found in a circular dated 21st Nov. 1870,

and addressed by the Prefect of the Department Côte d'or, Lucie Villiard, to his Sub-prefects and Maires, in which he commends the murder of German soldiers by civilians as acts of heroism, and promises a premium for every assassination. We quote a few sentences:—

“The interests of every particular locality, as well as those of the general national defence, require that the Maires shall no longer suffer a few isolated detachments of the enemy to occupy communes and lay them under contribution. The Government cannot send immediate assistance to every district that solicits it; each of us must in certain cases protect himself, and it is more especially the duty of the Maires, elected by their fellow-citizens, to arrange with the latter how their soil is to be defended.

“The country does not call on you to assemble in masses and openly face the enemy; it expects that three or four resolute men shall go forth every morning from your communes and fix themselves in a spot designated by Nature herself, from which, without danger to themselves, they may fire on the Prussians. They must in preference aim at horsemen, and afterwards deliver the horses to the authorities in the *Chef-lieu* of the arrondissement. They shall be rewarded with a premium, and I will publish their heroic exploits in all the departmental newspapers and the *Journal officiel*.”

The *Militär-Wochenblatt* comments on this circular as follows:—

“Even a *levée en masse*, in time of war, must be conducted with a certain regard for moral and international law. It is a matter of comparatively small

importance that the French press, with incredible cynicism, preaches *la guerre à outrance*, but it is a different matter when official representatives of the Government not only do not scruple to recommend assassination as the first duty of a citizen, but even go so far as to offer a premium for every murder, and promise to the perpetrators of such acts an honourable mention in all the newspapers of the Department. The circular in question is probably only one of many such manifestoes, which have been either sanctioned by the Government of the Republic or issued by its express instructions."



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